THE

TEMPEST:

OR, THE

ENCHANTED ISLAND.

WRITTEN BY SHAKSPEARE;

WITH ADDITIONS FROM DRYDEN;

AS COMPILED BY

J. P. KEMBLE.

AND FIRST ACTED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE,

OCTOBER 13*th*, 1789.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

	London.	Dublin.
Prospero, -	Mr. Benfley,	Mr. Swindal.
Alonzo, -	Mr. Packer,	Mr. Owens.
Anthonio, -	Mr. Phillimore,	Mr. Simpfon.
Gonzalo, -	Mr. Aickin,	Mr. Barret.
Stephano, -	Mr. Moody,	Mr. Cherry,
Trincalo, -	Mr. Baddeley,	Mr. O'Reilly.
Caliban, -	Mr. Williames,	Mr. Owenfon.
Hippolito, -	Mrs. Goodall,	Miſs Edmead.
Ferdinand, -	Mr. Kelly,	Mr. Palmer.

WOMEN.

Miranda, -	Mrs. Crouch,	Miſs Reynolds.
Dorinda, -	Miſs Farren,	Mrs. Browne.
Ariel,	Miſs Romanzini,	Miſs Brett.

OTHER SPIRITS, &c.

The Maſque of Neptune and Amphitrite.

Neptune, -	Mr. Sedgwick,	Mr. Mc. Crea.
Amphitrite,	Mrs. Edwards,	Mrs. Plomer.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

	London.	Dublin.
Prospero,	Mr. Bentley,	Mr. Swindal.
Alonzo,	Mr. Packer,	Mr. Owens.
Antonio,	Mr. Phillimore,	Mr. Simpson.
Gonzalo,	Mr. Aickin,	Mr. Barret.
Stephano,	Mr. Moody,	Mr. Cherry.
Hippolito,	Mr. Haddock,	Mr. O'Reilly.
Caliban,	Mr. Williames,	Mr. Owenson.
Trapolito,	Mrs. Goodall,	Mrs. Edmead.
Ferdinand,	Mr. Kelly,	Mr. Hamer.

WOMEN.

Miranda,	Mrs. [illegible]	Mrs. Reynolds.
Dorinda,	Mrs. [illegible]	Mrs. Browne.
Ariel,	Mrs. [illegible]	Mrs. Brett.

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Amphitrite,	Mrs. Edwards,	Mrs. Power.

THE TEMPEST.

ACT I.

SCENE, *a Rocky part of the Island.*

Enter Prospero, *meeting* Miranda.

Prospero.

MIRANDA, where's your sister?

Mir. I left her looking from the pointed rock
On the huge beat of waters.
It is a dreadful object.

Prof. Be collected;
I shall do nothing but in care of thee,
Of thee, my daughter, and thy pretty sister,
You both are ignorant of what you are,
Naught knowing whence I am, nor that I'm more
Than *Prospero*, master of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater father.

~~*Mir.* More to know~~
~~Did never meddle with my thoughts.~~
Prof. 'Tis time I should inform thee farther.—
The fated wreck of that same bark,
I shall with such provision of mine art,
So safely order,
That not so much perdition as a hair
Shall tide to any creature in our vessel.—
Attend, for thou must now know farther.
Mir. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am, but stopt,
And left me to a bootless inquisition,
Concluding—"stay,—not yet"——
Prof. The hour's now come;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear:
Obey, and be attentive. Can'st thou remember
A time before we came unto this isle?
I do not think thou can'st, for thou then wast not
Out three years old.
Mir. Certainly, Sir, I can.
Prof. By what? By any other house or person?
Of any thing, or image, tell me, that
Hath kept in thy remembrance.
Mir. 'Tis far off;
And rather like a dream, than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants: had I not
Four or five women once, that tended me?
Prof. Thou had'st, and more, Miranda.
Fifteen years since, my child, but fifteen years
Thy father was Duke of Milan, and
A Prince of power.
Mir. Sir, are not you my father?
Prof. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said thou wast my daughter, and thy sister too;
And thy father was the Duke of Milan,
Thou his heir—a Princess—no worse issued.
Mir. O the Heav'ns!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was't we did?

Prof.

Prof. Back, boor! And think,
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd thence;
But blessedly help'd hither.
Mir. O, my heart bleeds!
To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance! please you further.
Prof. My brother, and thy uncle, called Antonio,——
I pray thee, mark me—that a brother should
Be so perfidious!—he whom, next thyself,
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my state, being myself transported,
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle——
Dost thou attend me?
Mir. Sir, most heedfully.
Prof. I pray thee, mark me, then.
He being thus lorded, needs will be
Absolute Milan. Me, poor man!—my library
Was Dukedom large enough; of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable: confederates,
So dry he was for sway, with the King of Naples
To give him annual tribute, do him homage;
Whereon,
A treacherous army levy'd, one midnight
Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open
The gate of Milan; and, i' the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurry'd me thence
With thy young sister, and thy crying self.
Mir. Alack, for pity!
Wherefore did they not that hour destroy us?
Prof. Well demanded, wench;
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not
(So dear the love my people bore me) set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark;

Some wo[illegible] languages to[illegible] whom [illegible]
A [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
Instinctively had quit it: there they hoist us
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us, to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.

Mir. Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you!

Pros. Thou, and thy sister, were two cherubims,
That did preserve me. Thou, for me, did smile,
Infused with a fortitude from Heaven,
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt;
Under my burthen groan'd; which raised in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.

Mir. How came we ashore?

Pros. By providence divine.
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, who being then appointed
Master of this design, did give us; with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries,
Which since have steaded much; So, of his gentle-
ness
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me,
From my own library, with volumes that
I prize above my Dukedom.

Mir. Would I might
But ever see that man!

Pros. Now I arise; attend,
And hear the last of our sea sorrow.
Here in this island we arriv'd; and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other Princes can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

Mir. Heavens thank you for't! And now, I pray
you, Sir,
(For still 'tis beating in my mind) your reason
For this purpos'd storm.

Pros.

Pros. Know thus far forth.—
By accident most strange, bountiful fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought on these fears; and by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star, whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop.—Here cease more questions;
Thou art inclin'd to sleep; 'tis a good dullness,
And give it way:—I know, thou can'st not choose.
(Aside.

(Miranda *sleeps.*)

Come away, servant, come: I am ready now;
Approach, my Ariel, come.

Enter Ariel.

Ariel. All hail, great Master! grave Sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the Fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds; to thy strong bidding, task
Ariel, and all his quality.
Pros. Hast thou, Spirit,
Perform'd to point the tempest as I bade thee?
Ariel. To every article.
Pros. What is the time o'the day?
Ariel. Past the mid season.
Pros. The time 'twixt six and now
Must by us both be spent most preciously.
Ariel. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.
Pros. How now? Moody?
What is't thou can'st demand?
Ariel. My liberty.
Pros. Before the time be out?—No more.

Ariel. I pray thee,
Remember, I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, serv'd
Without grudge or grumbling: thou did'st promise
To bate me a full year.
Pros. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?
Ariel. No.
Pros. Thou do'st; and think'st it much, to tread
the ooze
Of the salt deep;
To run upon the sharp wind of the north;
To do me business in the veins of the earth,
When it is bak'd with frost.
Ariel. I do not, Sir.
Pros. Thou lyest, malignant thing! hast thou for-
got,
The foul witch Sycorax, who, with age, and envy,
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?
Ariel. No, Sir.
Pros. Thou hast: where was she born? speak:
Tell me.
Ariel. Sir, in Argier.
Pros. Oh, was she so? I must,
Once in a month, recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st.
This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by the sailors: thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, was then her servant;
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate,
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her most potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died,
And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy
groans,

As

As fast as mill-wheels strike: then was this island,
(Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with
A human shape.

Ariel. Yes; Caliban her son.

Prof. Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torments I did find thee in: thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears: it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo; it was mine art,
When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

Ariel. I thank thee, master.

Prof. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak——
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

Ariel. Pardon, master;
I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spri'ting gently.

Prof. Do so; and after two days,
I will discharge thee.

Ariel. That's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what? what shall I do?

Prof. Go; and with Grineldo, spirit of earth,
And others under thy command, let loose the tempest;
And then disperse the stranded wanderers,
Through the isle.

Ariel. Master, it shall be done.

SONG.

SONG.

Ariel.

Oh, bid thy faithful Ariel fly
To the farthest Indies ſky:
And then, at thy freſh command,
I'll traverſe o'er the ſilver ſand,
I'll climb the mountains;—plunge the deep,
I, like mortals, never ſleep.
Whate'er it be, not with ill will;
But, merrily, merrily, merrily!

[*Exit.*

Proſ. Awake, dear heart, awake! thou haſt ſlept well; awake!

Mir. The ſtrangeneſs of your ſtory put
Heavineſs in me.

Proſ. Shake it off: come on;
I'll viſit Caliban, my ſlave, who never
Yields us kind anſwer.

Mir. 'Tis a Villain, Sir,
I do not love to look on.

Proſ. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miſs him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood; and ſerves in offices
That profit us. [*Exit* Miranda.
What ho! ſlave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! ſpeak.

Cal. (Within) There's wood enough within.

Proſ. Come, forth, I ſay; there's other buſineſs for thee:
Come, thou tortoiſe!
Thou poiſonous ſlave, got by the devil himſelf
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter Caliban.

Cal. As wicked dew, as e'er my mother bruſh'd
With raven's feather from unwholeſome fen,
Drop on you! a ſou'-weſt blow on you,
And bliſter you all o'er!

Proſ.

Prof. [illegible]

Side [illegible]
Shall [illegible]
All exercise on [illegible]
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.

Cal. I must eat my dinner.
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou cam'st first,
Thou strok'st me, and mad'st much of me; would'st give me
Water with berries in't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
And shew'd thee all the qualities o'th' isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place, and fertile:
Curs'd be I, that did so!—All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
And here you fly me in this hard rock, whiles
You keep from me the rest of the island.

Prof. Thou most lying slave,
Which any print of goodness will not take,
Being guilty of all ill; I pity'd thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
Know thy own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known.

Cal. You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse: the red plague rid you,
For learning me your language!

Prof. Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fewel; and be quick, thou wert best,
To answer other business. Shrugst thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;

Fill

Pros. So, slave, hence!

[*Exeunt severally.*

Enter Miranda, *meeting* Dorinda.

Dor. O, sister, sister! what have I beheld!

Mir. What is it moves you so?

Dor. From yonder rock,
As I my eyes cast down upon the seas,
The whistling winds blew rudely on my face,
And the waves roar'd; at first I thought the war
Had been between themselves, but straight I spy'd
A strange huge creature.

Mir. Oh you mean the ship.

Dor. Is't not a creature then? It seem'd alive.

Mir. But what of it?

Dor. This floating ram did bear his horns above,
All ty'd with ribbands ruffling in the wind,
Sometimes he nodded down his head a while,
And then the waves did heave him to the moon.

Mir. But, sister, I have stranger news to tell you;
In this great creature there were other creatures,
And shortly we may chance to see that thing
Which you have heard my father call a man.

Dor. But what is that? for yet he never told me.

Mir. I know no more than you: but I have heard
My father say, we women were made for him.

Dor. What, that he should eat us, sister?

Mir. No, sure; you see my father is a man,
And yet he does us good.

Dor. Methinks it would be finer, sister,
If we had two young fathers.

Mir. No, sister, no; if they were young,
My father said, that we must call them brothers.

Dor.

Dor. Pray how does it come that we two are not
And how did he come to be our father too?
Mir. I remember
And grew within the ground.
Dor. Why didn't he
Let you and I look on and down one day
Mir. Because
The hour of my
Which favour'd all who are in open air:
The effect of this great and long eclipse
Which will become as magic call
Dor. And I methinks more long to be at land.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The Sea Shore, A Storm.*

A Ship in the Midst of the Tempest.

ARIEL *and other Spirits assisting the Storm.*

Chorus of Spirits.

ARISE! ye spirits of the storm!
Appal the guilty eye;
Tear the wild waves, ye mighty winds,
Ye fiercer lightnings fly:
Dark'ning the tempest of the deep,
And rocks and seas confound!
Hark! how the vengeful thunders roll!
Amazement flashes round!
Behold the fire-devoted bark,
Dash'd on the trembling strand!
Mercy!—the sinking wretches cry—
Mercy!—they're heard no more.

[*The Ship sinks.* ARIEL *and spirits disappear.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Cal. As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
From ... By ... And yet I ... Fright me with ... Nor lead me, ... Out of my ... For every ... Sometimes like apes, that mow and chatter at me:
And after, bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall; sometimes am I
All wounded with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness:—lo! now! lo!
Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat;
Perchance he will not mind me.

Enter Trincalo.

Trin. There's neither bush nor shrub to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i'the wind: yond same black cloud, yon huge one, looks like a foul bumbard that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my head; yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls.—What have we here? A man or a fish? Dead or alive? A fish; he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of, not of the newest, poor-John. A strange fish!—Were I in England now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver; there would

should this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame begger, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian.—Legg'd like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm, o'my troth!—I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer: this is no fish, but an islander, that has lately suffered by a thunderbolt.——Alas! the storm is come again: my best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter thereabout: misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows: I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter Stephano *singing, with a Bottle in his Hand.*

I shall no more to sea, to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die a shore——

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral: well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks, then sings.*

The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,
The gunner and his mate,
Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate:
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, go hang:
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.

This is a very scurvy tune, too; but here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

Cal. Do not torment me: oh!

Step. What's the matter? have we devils here? do you put tricks upon us with savages, and men of Inde? ha! I have not scap'd drowning, to be afraid now of your four legs; for it hath been said as proper a man as ever went upon four legs cannot make him give ground; and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at his nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me: oh!

Step. This is some monster of the isle, with four legs, who has got, as I take it, an ague: where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that: if I can recover

him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any Emperor that ever trod on neats leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, pr'ythee; I'll bring my wood home faster.

Step. He's in his fit now; and does not talk after the wisest: he shall taste of my bottle. If he never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him; he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it, by thy trembling: now Prosper works upon thee.

Step. Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat; open your mouth; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chops again.

Trin. I should know that voice: it should be—— but he is drowned: and these are devils! Oh! defend me—

Step. Four legs and two voices; a most delicate monster! his forward voice now is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague; come: Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano——

Step. Doth thy other mouth call me? mercy! mercy! this is a devil, and no monster; I will leave him; I have no long spoon.

Trin. Stephano: if thou be'st Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trincalo; be not afraid, thy good friend Trincalo.

Step. If thou be'st Trincalo, come forth, I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trincalo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trincalo, indeed: how cam'st thou to the siege of this moon-calf; can he vent Trincalo's!

Trin

Trin. I took him to be killed with a thunderstroke:—and art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans scaped!

Step. Pr'ythee do not turn me about, my stomach is not constant.

Cal. These be fine things, and if they be not sprites: that's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor; I will kneel to him.

Step. How didst thou scape? how camest thou hither? swear by this bottle, how thou camest hither: I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved over-board.

Cal. I'll swear upon that bottle, to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Step. Here: swear then, how escapedst thou?

Trin. Swam a-shore, man, like a duck; I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Step. Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Step. The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock by th' sea side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf, how dost thou ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropt from heav'n?

Step. Out o'th'moon, I do assure thee. I was the man in th'moon, when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her; and I do adore thee: my mistress shew'd me thee, and thy dog and thy bush.

Step. Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents; swear.

Cal. I'll shew thee every fertile inch o'th'isle, and I will kiss thy foot: I pr'ythee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster; when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll shew thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries,
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man.

Trin. A moſt ridiculous monſter, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard!

Cal. I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow,
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Shew thee a jay's neſt, and inſtruct thee how
To ſnare the nimble marmazet: I'll bring thee
To cluſt'ring filberts, and ſometimes I'll get thee
Young ſhamois from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

Step. I pr'ythee now, lead the way without any more talking. Trincalo, the King and all our company elſe being drown'd, we will inherit here. Here, bear my bottle, fellow Trincalo, we'll fill it by and by again.

Cal. (*Sings drunkenly.*) Farewel, maſter; farewel, farewel.

Trin. A howling monſter; a drunken monſter.

Step. O brave monſter, lead the way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Three Viſtos, terminating each in a Cave.*

Enter Proſpero.

Proſ. 'Tis not yet fit to let my daughters know,
I kept the infant Duke of Mantua
So near them in this iſle,
Whoſe father dying, bequeath'd him to my care;
Till my falſe brother, (when he uſurp'd my Dukedom)
Expos'd him to that fate he meant for me.
Hippolito!—By calculation of his birth, I ſaw
Death threat'ning him, if till ſome time were paſt,
He ſhould behold the face of any woman.
And now the danger's nigh.——Hippolito!

Enter Hippolito.

Hip. Sir, I attend your pleaſure.

Proſ. How I have lov'd thee from thy infancy,
Heav'n knows, and thou thyſelf canſt bear me witneſs,
Therefore accuſe me not for thy reſtraint.

Hip.

Hip. I murmur not but I may wonder at it.

Prof. O gentle youth, fate waits for thee abroad,
A black ſtar threatens thee, and Death unſeen
Stands ready to devour thee.

Hip. Sir, I have often heard you ſay, no creature
Liv'd within this iſle, but thoſe which man was lord of;
Why then ſhould I fear?

Prof. But here are creatures which I nam'd not to thee.

Hip. What are thoſe creatures, Sir?

Prof. Thoſe dangerous enemies of men, call'd women.

Hip. Women! I never heard of them before.
What are women like?

Prof. Imagine ſomething between young men and angels;
Fatally beauteous, and have killing eyes,
Their voices charm beyond the nightingales,
They are all enchantment; thoſe who once behold them
Are made their ſlaves for ever.
Therefore if you ſhould chance to ſee 'em,
Avoid 'em ſtraight, I charge you.

Hip. Well, ſince you ſay they are ſo dangerous,
I'll ſo far ſhun 'em as I may with ſafety
Of the unblemiſh'd honour which you taught me.
But let 'em not provoke me, for I'm ſure
I ſhall not then forbear them.

Prof. Go in, and read the book I gave you laſt.

Hip. I ſhall obey you, Sir. [*Exit* Hip.

Prof. So, ſo; I hope this leſſon has ſecur'd him,
For I have been conſtrain'd to change his lodging
From yonder rock, where firſt I bred him up,
And here have brought him home to my own cell,
Becauſe the ſhipwreck happen'd near his manſion.

Enter Miranda *and* Dorinda.

How, my daughters!
I thought I had inſtructed them enough:
Children, retire; why do you walk this way?

Mir. It is within our bounds, Sir.
Prof. But both take heed, that path is very dangerous.
Remember what I told you,
Dor. Is the man that way, Sir?
Prof. All that you can imagine ill is there.
The curled lion, and the rugged bear,
Are not ſo dreadful as that man.
Dor. I'll keep far enough from his den, I warrant him.
Mir. But you have told me, Sir, you are a man;
And yet you are not dreadful.
Prof. Ay, child! but I
Am a tame man; old men are tame by nature,
But all the danger lies in a wild young man?
Dor. Do they run wild about the woods?
Prof. No, they are wild within doors, in chambers,
And in cloſets.
Dor. But, father, I would ſtroke 'em, and make 'em gentle; then ſure they would not hurt me.
Prof. You muſt not truſt them, child,
But I muſt in; for now my ſpells require my preſence:
Be you, Miranda, your ſiſter's guardian. [*Exit.*
Dor. Come, ſiſter, ſhall we walk the other way?
The man will catch us elſe: we have but two legs,
And he perhaps has four.
Mir. Well, ſiſter, though he have; yet look about you,
And we ſhall ſpy him ere he come too near us.
Dor. Come back, that way is towards his den.
Mir. Let me alone; I'll venture firſt, for ſure he can
Devour but one of us at once.
I'll go ſoftly; but if you ſee him firſt, be quick and beckon me away: [*Exit.*
Dor. Nay, I confeſs I would fain ſee him too:
I find it in my nature, becauſe my father has forbidden me. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Hippolito *reading.*

Hip. Proſpero has often ſaid, that Nature makes
Nothing in vain: why then are women made?
I'll aſk that queſtion when I ſee him next.

Enter Miranda *and* Dorinda *peeping.*

Dor. O ſiſter, there it is; it walks about
Like one of us.
Mir. Ay, juſt ſo, and has legs as we have too.
Hip. It ſtrangely puzzles me: yet 'tis moſt likely
Women are ſomewhat between men and ſpirits.
Mir. Hark! it talks; ſure this is not it my father meant,
For this is juſt like one of us.
Dor. I am not half ſo much afraid on't as I was; ſee, ſee, it turns this way.
Heav'n! what a pretty thing it is!
Mir. I'll go nearer it.
Dor. Oh! no, 'tis dangerous, ſiſter! I'll go to it.
Mir. I would not for the world that you ſhould venture.
My father charged me to ſecure you from it.
Dor. I warrant you this is a tame man, ſiſter, H'll not hurt me, I ſee it by his looks.
Proſ. [*within.*] Miranda, child, where are you?
Mir. Do you not hear my father call? Go in.
Dor. 'Twas you he call'd, not me; I will but ſay my
Prayers, and follow you immediately.
Proſ. [*within.*] Miranda!
Mir. Well, ſiſter, you'll repent it. [*Exit.*
Dor. Though I die for't, I muſt have t'other peep.
Hip. What thing is that? Sure 'tis ſome infant of the ſun. [*Seeing her.*
My ſight is dazzled.——
I'll go nearer to it——
May it not be that beauteous murderer, woman,
Which I was charg'd to ſhun? Speak, what art thou,
Shining viſion?

Dor.

Dor. Alas, I know not; but I'm told I am
A woman; do not hurt me, pray, fair thing.
Hip. I'd sooner tear my eyes out.
Won't you hurt me, fair thing; for I was told
A woman was my enemy.
Dor. I never knew
What 'twas to be an enemy, nor can I e'er
Prove so to that which looks like you;
Though I fear you are a man,
That dangerous thing of which I have been warn'd.
Pray tell me what you are?
Hip. In truth, I was inform'd I am a man,
But if I fright you, I shall wish I were some other creature
Dor. See, it cries—No, no, you do not fright me.
Prof. [*within.*] Dorinda!
Dor. My father calls again: ah! I must leave you.
Hip. Alas, I'm subject to the same command.
Dor. This is my first offence against my father,
Which he, by severing us, too cruelly does punish.
Hip. And this is my first trespass too; but he
Hath more offended truth than we have him.
He said our meeting would destructive be,
Yet I no death but in our parting see.

[*Exeunt severally.*

Enter Prospero.

Prof. I hope I have confirm'd Miranda's duty.
All my designs are gath'ring to a head.
What, Ariel! my servant, Ariel! where art thou?

Enter Ariel.

Ariel. What would my potent master? Here I am.
Prof. Thou, and thy meaner fellows, the wild tempest
Did worthily awake. But tell me, spirit,
How fares the King, my brother, and his friends?
Ariel. Confin'd together, as you gave me order,
In the lime grove, which weather-fends your cell.

The

The King's ſon have I landed by himſelf,
And yonder now you may behold him, Sir.
Proſ. My brave ſpirit! haſte to conduct him hither.
[*Exit* Ariel.

Enter Dorinda.

Oh, come you here:—you've ſeen a man to-day,
Againſt my ſtrict command.
Dor. Who, I? indeed I ſaw him but a little, Sir.
Proſ. Come, come, be clear.
Dor. Pray, be not angry, and I'll tell you, Sir.
Ha! ha! you are miſtaken in him;—
He did me no great hurt.
Proſ. But he may do you more hereafter, girl.
Dor. No, Sir, I'm as well as e'er I was in my life.
But that I cannot eat nor drink for thought of him.
Proſ. The way to cure you, is no more to ſee him.
Dor. Nay, pray, Sir, ſay not ſo. I promiſed him
To ſee him once again; and you know, Sir,
You charg'd me I ſhould never break my promiſe.
Proſ. You are too fond, and I ſhould chide you for't.
Dor. Then ſend me to that creature to be puniſh'd.
Proſ. Poor child! thy paſſion, like a lazy agee,
Has ſeiz'd thy blood; inſtead of ſtriving, thou humour'ſt
And feed'ſt thy languiſhing diſeaſe: Thou fight'ſt
The battles of thy enemy, and 'tis one part of what
I threaten'd thee, not to perceive thy danger.
Dor. Danger, Sir!
He hath no claws, nor teeth, nor horns to hurt me,
But looks about him like a callow bird,
Juſt ſtraggled from the neſt: Pray truſt me, Sir,
To go to him again.
Proſ. Since you will venture,
I charge you bear yourſelf reſerv'dly to him,
And keep at diſtance from him.
Dor. This is hard!
Proſ. It is the way to make him love you more.

Dor.

Dor. I'll ſtruggle with my heart to follow this.
But if I loſe him by it, will you promiſe
To bring him back again?

Pro. Fear not; go in, and ſend your ſiſter hither.
But uſe him ill, and he'll be yours for ever. [*Exit.*

Dor. I hope you have not cozen'd me again.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *A wild Part of the Iſland.*

Enter Ariel *and Spirits, inviſible, followed by* Ferdinand.

Song. Ariel.

Come unto theſe yellow ſands,
And then take hands:
Curtſy'd when you have, and kiſs'd
The wild waves whiſt;
Foot it featly here and there;
And, ſweet ſprites, the burden bear.

Chorus.

Mark! hark!
The watch-dogs bark.
Hark! hark! I hear
The ſtrain of ſtrutting Chanticleer.

Ferd. Where ſhould this muſic be? I'th' air, or earth?
It ſounds no more, and ſure it waits upon
Some god i'th' iſland: ſitting on a bank,
Weeping againſt the King my father's wreck;
This muſic crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury, and my paſſion
With its ſweet airs. Thence have I follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather;
But 'tis gone. [*A flouriſh.*] No, it begins again.

Song.

Song. Spirit.

Full fathom five thy father lies,
Of his bones is coral made:
Those are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that does fade,
But does suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange:

Chorus of Spirits.

Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell;
Hark! now I hear 'em, ding dong bell.

Ferd. This ditty does remember my drown'd father.
This is no mortal business, nor a sound
Which the earth owns———

Chorus of Spirits.

Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell;
Hark! now I hear 'em, ding dong bell.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A shady part of the Island.*

Enter Ariel *and* Ferdinand *on one side: and,* Prospero *and* Miranda *on the other.*

Prospero.

LOOK, Miranda: say, what thou seest yond.

Mir. What is't, a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! believe me, Sir,
It carries a brave form. But is't a spirit?

Ferd. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend! vouchsafe, my pray'r
May know, if you remain upon this island:
And that you will some good instruction give,
How I may bear me here: my prime request
(Which I do last pronounce) is, Oh, you wonder!
If you be maid or no!

Mir. No wonder, Sir,
But certainly a maid.

Ferd. Oh, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The Queen of Naples.

Pros. Soft, Sir; one word—
They're both in either's power: but this swift business [*Aside.*
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light. Sir, one word more; I charge thee,

That

That thou attend'ſt me!—thou doſt here uſurp
The name thou own'ſt not, and haſt put thyſelf
Upon this iſland, as a ſpy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.
Ferd. No, as I'm a man.
Mir. There's nothing ill can dwell in ſuch a temple,
If the ill ſpirit have ſo fair an houſe,
Good things will ſtrive to dwell with't.
Proſ. Follow me—
Speak not you for him: he's a traitor. Come,
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together;
Sea-water ſhalt thou drink; thy food ſhall be
The freſh-brook muſſels, wither'd roots, and huſks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.
Ferd. No,
I will reſiſt ſuch entertainment, till
Mine enemy has more pow'r.
[*He draws, and is charm'd from moving.*
Mir. O dear father,
Make not too raſh a trial of him; for
He's gentle, and not fearful.
Proſ. What, I ſay,
My foot my tutor? Put thy ſword up, traitor,
Who mak'ſt a ſhew, but dar'ſt not ſtrike; thy conſcience
Is ſo poſſeſs'd with guilt: come from thy ward,
For I can here diſarm thee with this ſtick,
And make thy weapon drop.
Mir. Beſeech you, father. [*Kneels.*
Proſ. Hence; hang not on my garment.
Mir. Sir, have pity;
I'll be his ſurety.
Proſ. Silence: one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee.
Come on, obey;
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.
Ferd. So they are;
My ſpirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.

My father's loſs, the weakneſs which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, and this man's threats,
To whom I am ſubdu'd, were but light to me,
Might I but through my priſon, once a day,
Behold this maid: all corners elſe o'the earth,
Let liberty make uſe of; ſpace enough
Have I, in ſuch a priſon.

Proſ. It works: come on.
(Thou haſt done well, fine Ariel,) follow me.
Hark what thou elſe ſhalt do me.

[*Talks apart to Ariel.*

Mir. Be of comfort,
My father's of a better nature, Sir,
Than he appears by ſpeech: this is unwonted,
Which now came from him.

Proſ. Thou ſhalt be as free
As mountain winds; but then exactly do
All points of my command.

Ariel. To th' ſyllable. [*Exit.*

Proſ. Come, follow: ſpeak not for him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Another Part of the Iſland.*

Enter Calliban, Stephano, *and* Trincalo.

Step. Tell not me; when the butt is out, we will drink water, not a drop before; therefore bear up, and board 'em. Servant monſter, drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monſter! the folly of this iſland! they ſay there's but five upon this iſle; we are three of them; if the other two be brain'd like us, the ſtate totters.

Step. Drink, ſervant-monſter, when I bid thee; thy eyes are almoſt ſet in thy head.

Trin. Where ſhould they be ſet elſe! he were a brave monſter, indeed, if they were ſet in his tail.

Step. My man-monſter hath drown'd his tongue in ſack: for my part, the ſea cannot drown me. I ſwam, ere I could recover the ſhore, five and thirty leagues off and on, by this light. Thou ſhalt be my lieutenant, monſter, or my ſtandard.

Trin.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you liſt; he's no ſtandard.

Step. We'll not run, monſieur monſter.

Trin. Nor go neither: but you'll lie like dogs, and yet ſay nothing, neither.

Step. Moon-calf, ſpeak once in thy life, if thou be'ſt a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? let me lick thy ſhoe: I'll not ſerve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou lieſt, moſt ignorant monſter, I am in caſe to juſtle a conſtable. Why, thou debauched fiſh, thou, was there ever a man a coward that hath drunk ſo much ſack as I to-day? wilt thou tell a monſtrous lie, being half a fiſh, and half a monſter?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me: wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he! That a monſter ſhould be ſuch a natural?

Cal. Lo, lo, again; bite him to death, I prythee.

Step. Trincalo, keep a good tongue in your head; if you prove a mutineer, the next tree—the poor monſter's my ſubject, and he ſhall not ſuffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleaſ'd to hearken once again to the ſuit I made to thee?

Step. Marry, will I; kneel and repeat it; I will ſtand, and ſo ſhall Trincalo.

Enter Ariel *inviſible.*

Cal. As I told thee before, I am ſubject to a tyrant, a ſorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the Iſland.

Ariel. Thou lieſt.

Cal. Thou lieſt, thou jeſting monkey, thou;
I would, my valiant maſter would deſtroy thee:
I do not lie.

Step. Trincalo, if you trouble him any more in's tale, by this hand, I will ſupplant ſome of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I ſaid nothing.

Step. Mum then, and no more; proceed.

Cal. I ſay, by ſorcery he got this iſle;
From me he got it. If thy greatneſs will
Revenge it on him, (for I know, thou dar'ſt,)
I'll yield him thee aſleep,
Where thou may'ſt knock a nail into his head.

Ariel. Thou lieſt, thou canſt not.

Cal. What a py'd ninny's this! thou ſcurvy patch;
I do beſeech thy greatneſs, give him blows,
And take this bottle from him; when that's gone,
He ſhall drink nought but brine, for I'll not ſhew him
Where the quick freſhes are.

Step. Trincalo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monſter one word further; and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a ſtock-fiſh of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing; I'll go further off.

Step. Didſt thou not ſay, he ly'd?

Ariel. Thou lieſt.

Step. Do I ſo? take ye that. [*Beats him.*
As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give you the lie; out o'your wits, and hearing too? A plague o'your bottle! This can ſack and drinking do. A murrain on your monſter, and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha.

Step. Now, forward with your tale; pr'ythee, ſtand further off.
Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a cuſtom with him,
I'the afternoon, to ſleep; there thou may'ſt brain him,
Having firſt ſeized his books; or with a log,
Batter his ſkull, or paunch him with a ſtake,
Or cut his weazand with thy knife.

Step. Monſter, I will kill this man: and I will be king: Doſt thou like the plot, Trincalo?

Trin.

Trin. Excellent. Thou ſhalt be king, and I will be viceroy over thee.

Step. Give me thy hand; I am ſorry I beat thee; but, while thou liv'ſt keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be aſleep; Wilt thou deſtroy him then?

Step. Aye, on my honour.

Ariel. This will I tell my maſter. [*Exit.*

Cal. Thou makſt me merry; I am full of pleaſure; Let us be jocund. Will you troul the catch, You taught me but while-ere?

Step. At thy requeſt, monſter, I will do reaſon, any reaſon, come on, Trincalo, let us ſing. [*Sings.*

Flout 'em, and ſkout 'em: ſkout 'em, and flout 'em.

Cal. That's not the tune. [*Muſic heard in the air.*

Step. What is this ſame?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, play'd by the picture of nobody.

Step. If thou be'ſt a man, ſhew thyſelf in the likeneſs; if thou be'eſt a devil, take't as thou liſt. [*Muſic again.*

Trin. Oh, forgive me my ſins!

Step. He that dies, pays all debts: I defy thee. Mercy upon us! [*Muſic again.*

Cal. Art thou afraid?

Step. No, monſter, not I.

Cal. Be not afraid; the iſle is full of noiſes, Sounds, and ſweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not. [*Muſic again.*

Step. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I ſhall have my muſic for nothing.

Cal. When Proſpero is deſtroy'd.

Step. That ſhall be, by and by; I remember the ſtory. [*Muſic again.*

Trin. The ſound is going away; let's follow it, and after do our work. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Three Viſtos and Cupids.*

Enter Proſpero *and* Miranda.

Proſ. Your ſuit has pity in't, and has prevail'd,
But yet take heed; let prudence be your guide;
You muſt not ſtay, your viſit muſt be ſhort.
One thing I had forgot; inſinuate into his mind
A kindneſs to that youth, whom firſt you ſaw;
I would have friendſhip grow betwixt 'em.
Mir. You ſhall be obey'd in all things.
Proſ. Be earneſt to unite their very ſouls.
Mir. I ſhall endeavour it.
Proſ. This may ſecure Hippolito,
From that dark danger which my heart forebodes;
For friendſhip does provide a double ſtrength
To oppoſe the aſſaults of fortune. See,
He comes,—Remember. [*Exit*

Song. Miranda.

To ſee thee, ſo gentle a creature, diſtreſt,
With tears fills mine eyes, and with ſorrow my breaſt.
Oh, wou'd I, poſſeſs'd of my father the art,
Or had I his power, or he had my heart!
With tears I'll beſeech him, with ſighs I'll aſſail,
Can the ſigh of my ſoul with my father e'er fail?

Enter Ferdinand, *bearing a Log.*

Mir. Alas, now, pray you,
Work not ſo hard; I would the lightning had
Burnt up thoſe logs that thou'rt enjoined to pile:
Pray, ſet it down, and reſt you; when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you: my father
Is hard at ſtudy; pray now reſt yourſelf;
He's ſafe for theſe three hours.
Ferd. Oh! moſt dear miſtreſs,
The ſun will ſet, before I ſhall diſcharge
What I muſt ſtrive to do.

Mr.

Mir. If you'll ſit down,
I'll bear your logs the while.
Ferd. No, precious creature,
I'd rather crack my ſinews,
Than you ſhould ſuch diſhonour undergo,
While I ſit lazy by.
Mir. Why I ſhould do it
With much more eaſe; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is againſt.
You look wearily.
Ferd. No, noble miſtreſs; 'tis freſh morning with me,
When you are by at night. I do beſeech you,
(Chiefly that I might ſet it in my prayers)
What is your name?
Mir. Miranda. O my father,
I've broke your heſt to ſay ſo.
Ferd. Admir'd Miranda,
Hear my ſoul ſpeak!
The very inſtant, that I ſaw you, did
My heart fly to your ſervice, there reſides
To make me ſlave to it, and for your ſake,
Am I this patient log-man.
Mir. Do you love me?
Ferd. Beyond all limit of what elſe i'th' world,
I love, prize, honour you.
Mir. I am a fool,
To weep at what I'm glad of.
Ferd. Wherefore weep you?
Mir. At mine unworthineſs.
Hence, baſhful cunning,
And prompt me plain and holy innocence.
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die a maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me: but I'll be your ſervant,
Whether you will or no.
Ferd. My miſtreſs, deareſt,
And I thus humble ever. [*Kneeling.*
Mir. My huſband then?
Ferd. Aye, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom. Here's my hand.

Mir.

Mir. And mine, with my heart in it.

Duet, Ferdinand and Miranda.

What new delights inwade my bosom;
In every vein what rapture plays;
What new delights inwade my bosom,
Whilst on thee I fondly gaze.
Oh, thou art source of all my pleasure,
Treasure of my soul art thou,
Without measure,
Am'rous pleasure,
Crowns my nights, and wings my days.

Mir. Now I have a suit to you.
And that shall be th' only trial of your love to me.
Ferd. You've said enough never to be deny'd,
Were it my life.
Mir. Sir, 'tis to love one for my sake, who for
His own, deserves all the respect which you
Can ever pay him.
Ferd. You mean your father: when he gave you being,
He then did that which cancell'd all these wrongs.
Mir. You are too kind.—but 'tis not he I mean.
Ferd. Is there another whom I ought to love?
And love him for your sake?
Mir. Yes: such a one,
Who for his sweetness and his goodly shape,
(If I, who am unskill'd in forms, may judge)
I think can scarce be equall'd.
Come, you must love him for my sake: you shall.
Ferd. Must I for yours, and cannot for my own?
Since you would have me love him, I must hate him.
Mir. Have I so far offended you already,
That he offends you only for my sake?
Yet sure you would not hate him, if you saw
Him as I've done, so full of youth and beauty.
Ferd. O poison to my hopes! [*Aside.*
Mir. Hark! hark! I hear my father's step, farewell!
I must retire; I fear I've staid too long.— [*Exit Ferd.*

Ferd. Too long indeed, and not not long enough!
O jealousy! O love! how you distract me!

Enter Hippolito.

Sir, well encounter'd, you are the happy man!
You've got the hearts of both the beauteous women.

Hip. How! Sir? pray, are you sure on't?

Ferd. One of 'em charg'd me to love you for her sake.

Hip. Then I must have her.

Ferd. No, not till I am dead.

Hip. How dead? what's that? but whatso'er it be, I long to have her.

Ferd. Time and my grief may make me die.

Hip. But for a friend you should make haste; I ne'er ask'd any thing of you before.

Ferd. But I am your friend;
And I request that you would not love her.

Hip. You say she's fair,
And I must love all who are fair; for, to tell you
A secret, Sir, which I have lately found
Within myself, they are all made for me.

Ferd. That's but a fond conceit: you're made for one,
And one for you.

Hip. You cannot tell me Sir;
I know I'm made for twenty hundred women.
(I mean if there so many be i'th' world)
So that if once I see her, I shall love her.

Ferd. I find I must not let you see her then.

Hip. How will you hinder me?

Ferd. By force of arms.

Hip. By force of arms.
My arms perhaps may be as strong as yours.

Ferd. He's still so ignorant, that I pity him,
And fain would avoid force: pray do not see her.
She was mine first; you have no right to her.

Hip. I have not yet consider'd what is right,
But, Sir, I know my inclinations are
To love all women: and I have been taught,

That

Than to dissemble when I think he hears me.
In honour then of truth, I will confess
That I do love, and I will see your woman.
Ferd. Then since you have refus'd this act of friendship,
Provide yourself a sword, for we must fight.
Hip. A sword, what's that?
Ferd. Why such a thing as this.
Hip. What should I do with it?
Ferd. You must stand thus,
And aim at me, and I at you,
Till one of us fall dead.
Hip. But we have no sword, growing in our world,
Ferd. What shall we do then to decide our quarrel?
Hip. We'll take the sword by turns, and fight with it.
Ferd. Strange ignorance!——You must defend your life,
And so must I. But since you have no sword,
Take this; for in a corner of my cave
[Gives him his sword.
I found another;
When next we meet, prepare yourself to fight.
Hip. Make haste then, this shall ne'er be yours again.
I mean to fight with all the men I meet,
And when they're dead, their women shall be mine.
Ferd. I see you are unskilful; I desire not
To take your life; but, if you please, we'll fight.
On these conditions he who first draws blood,
Or who can take the others' weapon from him,
Shall be acknowledg'd as the conqueror,
And both the women shall be his.
Hip. Agreed,
And ev'ry day I'll fight for two or more with you.
Ferd. But win these first. *[Exeunt severally.*

SCENE

SCENE III. *A Wood.*

Enter Alonzo, Anthonio, *and* Gonsalo.

Gon. Beseech you, sir, be merry: you have cause,
So have we all, of joy, for our escape;
Then wisely, good sir, weigh our sorrows with
Our comfort.

Alon. Prythee peace.

Anth. Methinks our garments are as fresh,
As when first we put them on in Africk,
At the marriage of the King's fair daughter,
Claribel, to the King of Tunis.

Alon. You cram these words into mine ear,
Against the stomach of my sense; would I
Had never marry'd my daughter there;
For coming thence, my son is lost.

Anth. Sir, he may live;
I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; I do not doubt
He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone;
And you and I, Anthonio, were those
Who caus'd his death.

Anth. How could we help it?

Alon. Then, then we should have help'd it,
When thou betray'dst thy brother Prospero,
And gavest Mantua's infant sovereign
To my power: then lost we Ferdinand;
Then forfeited our navy to this tempest.

Solemn and strange music.

What harmony is this?— my good friends, hark!

Two Spirits *rise with a Table spread.*

Gon. A table, as I live!—set out and furnished
With all variety of meats and fruits.

Alon. Give us kind keepers, Heav'n! what are
these? *The* Spirits *disappear.*

Anth. They vanish'd strangely.

Gon. No matter,
Since they have left their viands behind:
Will't please you taste of what is here?

Alon.

Alon. Not I.

Gon. Well, Sir, I will.
I am hungry. The devil may fright me,
But he shall not ſtarve me.

Alon. I will ſtand to, and feed; although my laſt,
No matter, ſince I feel the beſt is paſt.

Table vaniſhes—a ſtrange noiſe.

It is as I ſuſpected—ſee, 'tis vaniſhed!
Shall we be always haunted with theſe fiends?

Anth. This iſles enchanted ground; for I have heard
Swift voices flying by my ear, and groans
Of ghoſts lamenting.

Alon. Good Heav'n deliver me from this dire place,
And all the after actions of my life
Shall mark my penitence! Lead from this ſpot.

Enter Furies, *who ſurround them.*

Duet by Furies.

Where does the black fiend ambition reſide?
With the miſchievous devil of pride?
In the loweſt and darkeſt cavern of hell,
Both pride and ambition do dwell.
Who are the chief leaders of the damned hoſt?
Proud monarchs, who tyrannize moſt.

Chorus of Furies.

In hell, in hell, in flames they ſhall reign,
And for ever, for ever ſhall ſuffer the pain.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Prospero's *Study*.

Prospero *starting up*.

I HAD forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates,
Against my life; the minute of their plot
Is almost come. Ariel!
My industrious servant! Ariel!

Enter Ariel.

Ariel. Thy thoughts I cleave to; what's thy pleasure?

Pros. Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

Ariel. Ay, my commander.

Pros. Where didst thou leave these varlets?

Ariel. I told you, sir, they were red hot with drinking.
So full of valour, that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground,
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project.
At last I left them
I'th'filthy mantled pool, beyond your cell.

Pros. This was well done, my bird;
Thy shape invisible retain thou still.
Go call the Spirits,
O'er whom I gave thee power, quick to this place.

And let them bring the trumpery in my houſe,
For ſake to catch theſe thieves.
Ariel. Preſently?
Proſ. Ay, with a twink!

Song. Ariel.

Before you can ſay come, and
And breathe twice—and cry, ſo—ſo—
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and moe.
Do you love me maſter?——ho!

Proſ. Why that's my delicate Ariel. [*Exit* Ariel.
Oh! this Caliban!
A devil, a born devil, on whoſe nature
Nurture can never ſtick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all loſt, quite loſt;
And, as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers; I will plague them all,
Even to roaring.

Enter Spirits *with Garments.*

Come, hang them on this line.
[*They hang them up, and diſappear.* *Exit* Proſ.

Enter Caliban, Stephano, *and* Trincalo, *all wet.*

Cal. Pray you tread ſoftly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall; we now are at his cell.
Step. Monſter, your fairy, which you ſay is a harmleſs fairy, has done little better than played the jack with us.
Trin. Monſter, I do ſmell all horſe-pond, at which my noſe is in great indignation.
Step. So is mine: do you hear, monſter? if I ſhould take a diſpleaſure againſt you; look you—
Trin. Thou wert but a loſt monſter.

Cal.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour ſtill;
Be patient; for the prize I'll bring thee to,
Shall hood-wink this miſchance; therefore, ſpeak ſoftly:
All's hush't as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to loſe our bottles in the pool—

Step. There is not only diſgrace and diſhonour in that, monſter, but an infinite loſs.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmleſs fairy, monſter.

Step. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

Cal. Pr'ythee, my King, be quiet; ſeeſt thou here,
This is the mouth o'th' cell: no noiſe, and enter;
Do that good miſchief, which may make this iſland
Thine own for ever; and I, thy Caliban,
For ay thy foot-licker.

Step. Give me thy hand: I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O King Stephano! O Peer! O worthy Stephano! Look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool, it is but traſh.

Trin. Oh, oh, monſter, we know what belongs to a frippery; O King Stephano!

Step. Put off that gown, Trincalo; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy Grace ſhall have it.

Cal. The dropſy drown this fool! what do you mean,
To doat thus on ſuch luggage? Let's along,
And do the murder firſt.

Step. Be you quiet, monſter.

Trin. Monſter, come, put ſome lime upon your fingers: bear off this, and this. [*Thunder.*

Enter divers Spirits: Proſpero *and* Ariel *ſetting them on.* Caliban, Stephano, *and* Trincalo, *driven out roaring.*

Proſ. Go charge my goblins that they grind their joints

With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews,
With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make
them,
Than pard, or cat o'the mountain. [Roaring within.
Ariel. Hark, they roar.
Prof. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour
Lie at my mercy, all mine enemies.
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom; for a little,
Follow, and do me service. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *A Cave.*

Enter Ferdinand *and* Hippolito, *with their swords drawn.*

Ferd. Come, Sir, our cave affords no choice of
place,
But the ground's firm and even: Are you ready?
Hip. As ready as yourself, Sir.
Ferd. You remember
Our what conditions we must fight? who first
Receives a wound is to submit.
Hip. Come, come,
This loses time; now for the woman, Sir,
[*They fight*; Ferd. *hurts him.*
Ferd. Sir, you are wounded.
Hip. No.
Ferd. Believe your blood,
Hip. I feel no hurt, no matter for my blood.
Ferd. Remember our conditions.
Hip. I will not leave, till my sword hits you too.
[Hip. *presses on*, Ferd. *retires and guards.*
Ferd. I'm loath to kill you, you are unskilful, Sir.
Hip. You beat aside my sword, but let it come
As near as yours, and you shall see my skill.
Ferd. You faint for loss of blood; I see you stag-
ger.
Pray, Sir, retire.

Hip.

Hip. No! I will ne'er go back———
Methinks the cave turns round, I cannot find——
Ferd. Your eyes begin to dazzle,
Hip. Why do you ſwim ſo, and dance about me?
Stand but ſtill till I have made one thruſt.
[*Thruſts and falls.*
Ferd. Oh help, help, help!
Unhappy man! what have I done?
Hip. I'm going to a cold ſleep, but when I wake
I'll fight again. Pray ſtay for me. [*Swoons.*
Ferd. He's gone!
He's gone! Oh ſtay, ſweet lovely Youth! Help!
Help!

Enter Proſpero.

Proſ. What diſmal noiſe is that?
Ferd. Oh ſee, Sir, ſee,
What miſchief my unhappy hand has wrought.
Proſ. Alas! how much in vain doth feeble art
Endeavour to reſiſt the will of Heav'n!
He's gone for ever; Oh! thou cruel ſon
Of an inhuman father! all my deſigns
Are ruin'd and unravel'd by this blow,
No pleaſure now is left me but revenge.
Ferd. Sir, if you knew my innocence—
Proſ. Peace, peace.
Can thy excuſes give me back his life?
What, Ariel, Sluggiſh Spirit, where art thou?

Enter Ariel.

Ariel. Here at thy beck, my Lord.
Proſ. Ay, now thou com'ſt
When Fate is paſt, and not to be recall'd.
Look there, and glut the malice of thy nature,
For as thou art thyſelf, thou canſt not but
Be glad to ſee young Virtue nipt i'th' bloſſom,
Ariel. My Lord, the Being high above can witneſs
I am not glad.

Prof. Why didſt thou not prevent, at leaſt foretel,
This fatal ſhipwrack?

Ariel. Pardon, great Sir,
I meant to do it, but I was forbidden
By the ill Genius of Hippolita,
Who came and threaten'd me, if I diſcloſ'd it,
To bind me in the bottom of the ſea,
Far from the lightſome regions of the air,
(My native fields) above a hundred years.

Prof. I'll chain thee in the north for thy neglect,
Within the burning bowels of Mount Hecla;
I'll ſinge thy airy wings with ſulph'rous flames,
And choak thy tender noſtrils with blue ſmoke.
At every hick-up of the belching mountain,
Thou ſhalt be lifted up to taſte freſh air,
And then fall down again.

Ariel. Pardon, dread Lord.

Prof. No more of pardon than juſt Heav'n intends thee,
Shalt thou e'er find from me: Hence! fly with ſpeed,
Unbind the charms which hold this murderer's father,
And bring him, with my brother, ſtraight before me.
[*Exit* Ariel.

Ferd. O Heav'ns! what words were thoſe I heard?
Yet cannot ſee who ſpoke 'em: Sure the woman
Whom I lov'd was like this, ſome airy viſion.

Prof. No, murd'rer, ſhe's like thee, of mortal mould;
But much too pure to mix with thy black crimes.
Miranda and Dorinda! where are ye?
The will of Heav'n's accompliſh'd: I have now
No more to fear, and nothing left to hope,
Now you may enter.

Enter Miranda *and* Dorinda.

Mir. My love! is it permitted me to ſee
You once again!

Prof.

Pros. You come to look your fortune,
I will fix every other thought upon you,
But on my life, [illegible] him.
Dor. Pray, father, is not this my fellow-captive?
He has a noble form, but yet not near
So excellent as my Hippolito.
Pros. Alas, poor girl! thou hast no man: Look yonder,
There's all of him that's left.
Dor. Why, was there ever any more of him?
He lies asleep, Sir, shall I waken him?
[*She kneels by Hippolito, and plays him.*
Ferd. Alas, he's never to be wak'd again.
Dor. My love, my love! will you not speak to me?
I fear you have displeas'd him, Sir, and now
He will not answer me; he's dumb, and cold too;
But I'll run straight, and make a fire to warm him.
[*Exit running.*

Enter Alonzo, Gonzalo, Anthonio, *and* Ariel *invisible.*

Alon. Never were beasts so hunted into toils,
As we have been pursu'd by dreadful shapes.
But is not that my son? O Ferdinand!
Let me embrace thee.
Ferd. My father!
It is decreed I should recover you
Alive, just in that fatal hour when this
Brave youth is lost in death, and by my hand?
Ant. Heav'n! what new wonder's this?
Gon. This isle is full of nothing else.
Pros. You stare upon me as you ne'er had seen me;
Have fifteen years so lost me to your knowledge,
That you retain no memory of Prospero?
Gon. The good old Duke of Milan!

Pros.

Prof. I wonder leſs,
That thou, Anthonio, know'ſt me not, becauſe
Thou didſt long ſince forget I was thy brother,
Elſe I never had been here.

Ant. Shame chokes my words.

Alon. And wonder mine.

Prof. For you, uſurping Prince, [*To* Alon.
Know, by my art, you were ſhipwreck'd on this iſle,
Where, after I a while had puniſh'd you,
My vengeance would have ended; I deſign'd
To match that ſon of yours with this my daughter.

Alon. Purſue it ſtill, I am moſt willing to't.

Prof. So am not I. No marriages can proſper
Which are with murderers made; look on that corpſe.
This, whilſt he liv'd, was young Hippolito,
That infant Duke of Mantua, Sir, whom you
Expos'd with me: and here I bred him up,
Till that blood-thirſty man, that Ferdinand—
But why do I exclaim on him, when Juſtice
Calls to unſheath her ſword againſt his guilt?

Alon. What do you mean?

Prof. To execute Heav'ns laws.
Here I am plac'd by Heav'n, here I am Prince,
Though you have diſpoſſeſs'd me of my Milan.
Blood calls for blood; your Ferdinand ſhall die,
And I, in bitterneſs, have ſent for you,
To have the ſudden joy of ſeeing him alive,
And then the greater grief to ſee him die.

Alon. And think'ſt thou I, or theſe, will tamely ſtand
To view the execution?
[*Lays his hand upon his ſword.*

Prof. Nay, then appear, my guards—I thought no more
[*He ſtamps, and many ſpirits appear.*
To uſe their aid;
But they are now the miniſters of Heav'n,
Whilſt I revenge this murder.

This

This night I will allow your friendship,
To it you for your country, preserve your parties.
Alon. Ah, Prospero, hear me speak;
You are a father;
Look on my age, and look upon his youth.
Mir. Oh! my father—
Pros. No more! all you can say is urg'd in vain,
I have no room for pity left within me.
Do you refuse? Help, Ariel, with your fellows,
To drive 'em in; Alonzo and his son
Bestow in yonder cave, and here Gonsalo
Shall with Antonio lodge.

[*Spirits drive them in, as they are appointed.*

Enter Dorinda.

Dor. Sir, I have made a fire: shall he be warm'd?
Pros. He's dead, and vital warmth will ne'er return.
Dor. Dead, Sir! what's that?
Pros. His soul has left his body.
Dor. When will it come again?
Pros. O never, never!
He must be laid in earth, and there consume.
Dor. He shall not lie in earth; you do not know
How well he loves me: indeed he'll come again:
He told me he would go a little while,
But promis'd me he would not tarry long.
Pros. He's murder'd by the man who lov'd your sister,
Now both of you may see what 'tis to break
A father's precept; you would needs see men,
And by that sight are made for ever wretched.
Hippolito is dead, and Ferdinand
Must die for murdering him.
Get you to bed:
Your disobedience has so much incens'd me,
That I this night can leave no blessing with you.

[*Exit.*

Mir.

Mir. Sister, 'twas long of you
That all this mischief happened.
Dor. I am sure
My man had never gone to Heav'n so soon,
But that yours made him go. [*Crying.*
Mir. Sister, I could not wish that either of 'em
Should go to Heav'n without us, but it was
His fortune, and you must be satisfy'd.
Dor. I'll not be satisfy'd: perhaps you think
'Tis nothing to lose a man.
Mir. Yes, but there is
Some difference betwixt my Ferdinand
And your Hippolito.
Dor. Ay, there's your judgment.
Yours is the oldest man I ever saw,
Except it were my father.
Mir. Sister, I'll never sleep with you again.
Dor. I'll never more meet in a bed with you.
But lodge on the bare ground, and mourn my love.
Just at the entrance of his cave I'll lie,
And echo to each blast of wind a sigh.
[*Exeunt severally.*

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A Wood.*

Enter Proſpero *and* Miranda.

Proſpero.

YOU beg in vain; I cannot pardon him,
He has offended Heav'n.
Mir. Then let Heav'n puniſh him.
Proſ. It will, by me.
Mir. Grant him at leaſt ſome reſpite for my ſake.
Proſ. I by deferring juſtice ſhould increaſe
The Deity againſt myſelf and you.
Mir. Yet I have heard you ſay, the Pow'rs above
Are ſlow in puniſhing, and ſhould not you
Reſemble them?
And can you be his judge and executioner?
Proſ. I cannot force Gonzalo, or my brother,
Much leſs the father, to deſtroy the ſon;
It muſt be then the monſter Caliban,
And he's not here; but Ariel ſtraight ſhall fetch him.

Enter Ariel.

Ariel. My potent Lord, before thou call'ſt, I come
To ſerve thy will.
Proſ. Then, Spirit, fetch me here my ſavage
ſlave.
Ariel. My Lord, it does not need.
Proſ. Art thou then prone to miſchief, wilt thou be
Thyſelf the executioner?

Ariel.

Ariel. Think better of thy airy minister,
Who, for thy sake, neglected, this night has flown
O'er almost all the habitable world.

Prof. But to what purpose was thy diligence?

Ariel. When I was chidden by my mighty lord,
For my neglect of young Hippolito,
I went to view his body, and soon found
His soul was but retir'd, not fully fled;
Then I collected
The best of simples underneath the moon,
The best of balms, and when the wound I spy'd
The healing juice of vulnerary herbs.
His only danger was his loss of blood.
But now he's wak'd, my lord, and just this hour
He must be dress'd again, as I have done it.
Anoint the sword which pierc'd him, with his weapon-Salve, and wrap it close from air till I have time to visit him again.

Prof. Thou art my faithful servant,
It shall be done; be 'tis your task, Miranda,
Because your sister is not present here;
While I go visit your dear Ferdinand.
From whom I will a while conceal this news,
That it may be more welcome.

Mir. I obey you,
And with a double duty, Sir: for now
You twice have given me life. [*Exit.*

Prof. Now haste, untie the spell, and to me bring
The wretched Caliban and his companions.

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II. *A Cave.*

Hippolito *discover'd on a Couch*, Dorinda *by him.*

Dor. How do you find yourself?

Hip. I'm somewhat cold,
Can you not draw me nearer to the sun?
I am too weak to walk.

Dor.

Dor. My love, I'll try.
I thought you never would have walk'd again;
They told me you were gone away to heavens;
Have you been there?

Hip. I know not where I was.

Dor. I will not leave you, till you promise me
You will not die again.

Hip. Indeed I will not.

Dor. You must not go to heav'n unless we go together.
But I much wonder what it is to die.

Hip. Sure 'tis to dream, a kind of breathless sleep,
When once the soul's gone out.

Dor. What is the soul?

Hip. A small blue thing, that runs about within us.

Dor. Then I have seen it in a frosty morning
Run smoaking from my mouth.

Hip. But, dear Dorinda,
What is become of him who fought with me?

Dor. Oh! I can tell you joyful news of him;
My father means to make him die to-day,
For what he did to you.

Hip. That must not be,
My dear Dorinda; go and beg your father
He may not die; it was my fault he hurt me,
I urg'd him to it first.

Dor. But if he live, he'll ne'er leave killing you.

Hip. My dear, go quickly, lest you come too late.

[*Exit Dor.*

Enter Miranda, *with* Hippolito's *sword wrapt up.*

Hip. Who's this who looks so fair and beautiful,
As nothing but Dorinda can surpass her!
Oh! I believe it is that angel woman,
Whom she calls sister.

Mir. Sir, I am sent hither
To dress your wound: how do you find your strength?

Hip. Fair creature, I am faint with loss of blood.
[*She unwraps the sword.*
My wounds shoot worse than ever.
[*She wipes and sheaths the sword.*
Mir. Do you find no ease?
Hip. Yes, yes, upon a sudden all the pain
Is leaving me: sweet heav'n, how I'm reliev'd!

Enter Ferdinand *and* Dorinda.

Ferd. to Dor. Madam, I must confess my life is yours,
I owe it to your generosity.
But is not that your sister with Hippolito?
Hip. My dear Dorinda with another man?
Ferd. to Hip. Sir, I am glad you are so well recover'd.
You keep your humour still to have all women?
Hip. Not all, Sir, you except one of the number,
Your new love there, Dorinda.
Mir. Ah Ferdinand! can you become inconstant?
Dor. Ay, now I find why I was sent away,
That you might have my sister's company.
Hip. Dorinda, kill me not with your unkindness;
This is too much, first to be false yourself,
And then accuse me too.
Ferd. We all accuse
Each other, and each one denies their guilt,
I should be glad it were a mutual error.
And therefore first to clear myself from fault,
Madam, I beg your pardon, while I say
I only love your sister. [*To* Dorinda.
Mir. O bless word!
I'm sure I love no man but Ferdinand.
Dor. Nor I, heav'n knows, but my Hippolito.
Hip. I never knew I lov'd so much; before
I fear'd Dorinda's constancy, but now
I am convinc'd that I lov'd none but her;
Because none else can recompense her loss.

Ferd.

Ferd. But see, our fathers and our friends are come
To mix their joys with ours.

Enter Prospero, Alonzo, Antonio, *and* Gonzalo.

Alon. to Pros. Let it no more be thought of;
Your purpose, though it were severe, was just.
In losing Ferdinand I should have mourn'd,
But could not have complain'd.
Pros. Sir, I am glad
Kind heav'n decreed it otherwise.
Dor. O wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is!
Hip. O brave new world,
That has such people in't!
Alon. to Ferd. Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about,
And make thee happy in thy lovesome choice.
Gon. I've inward wept, or should have spoke ere this;
Look down, sweet heav'n, and on this couple drop
A blessed crown, for it is you shall've one
The way which brought us hither.
Anto. Though penitence
Forc'd by necessity can scarce seem real,
Yet, dearest brother, I have hope my mind
May plead for pardon with you: I resign
Dominion, which, 'tis true, I could not keep,
But heav'n knows too, I would not.
Pros. All past crimes
I bury in the joy of this blest'd day.
Alon. And, that I may not be behind in justice,
To this young prince I render back his dukedom,
And as the duke of Mantua thus salute him.
Hip. What is it that you render back? methinks
You give me nothing.
Pros. You are to be lord
Of a great people, and o'er towns and cities.

Hip. And shall these people be all men, and women?

Gon. Yes, and shall call you lord.
And that your happiness may be compleat,
I give you my Dorinda for your wife;
She shall be yours for ever, when the priest
Has made you one.

Hip. How can he make us one? shall I grow to her?

Prof. By saying holy words you shall be join'd
In marriage to each other.

Dor. I warrant you these holy words are charms.
My father means to conjure us together.

Enter Ariel.

Ariel. I have sent Caliban to trim your cell,
And brought the drunken wanderers to their ship;
Was it well done, my lord?

Prof. Rarely, my dainty Ariel: I shall miss thee,
But yet thou shalt have freedom.

Song. Ariel.

Where the bee sucks, there lurk I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie:
There I crouch, when owls do cry.
On the bat's back do I fly,
After sunset, merrily.
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

[*Exit.*

Prof. Sir, I invite your highness and your train
To my poor cell: where you shall take your rest
For this one night, and in the morn
I'll bring you to your ship; and so to Naples:
Where I have hope to see the nuptials
Of these our dear beloved solemniz'd.
And thence retire me to my Milan; where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon. I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

Prof.

Pro∫. I'll deliver all,
And promiſe you calm ſeas, auſpicious gales,
And ſail ſo expeditious, that ſhall catch
Your royal fleet far off.
And when I have requir'd ſome airy viſion,
Which e'en now I do,—I'll break my ſtaff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And, deeper than did ever plummet ſound,
I'll drown my book.
Neptune, and your fair Amphitrite, riſe,
Come all you Nereids, all you Tritons come:
And teach your ſaucy elements to obey:
For you have princes now to entertain,
And virgin beauties, with freſh youthful lovers.

SCENE III. *The Sea.*

The Maſque of Neptune *and* Amphitrite.

Neptune *and* Amphitrite *in their Chariot drawn by Sea Horſes, and attended by Nereids, Tritons, &c.*

Eolus *and the Winds.*

Duet. Neptune *and* Amphitrite.

Halcyon days, now ſtorms are ending,
You ſhall find when e'er you ſail;
Tritons all the while attending,
With a kind and gentle gale.

Chorus of Tritons, Nereids, &c.

Tritons all the while attending,
With a kind and gentle gale.

[Neptune, Amphitrite *and Attendants diſappear.*

Pro∫. You look, methinks, in a mov'd ſort,
As if you were diſmay'd: be cheerful, Sirs:
Our revels now are ended: theſe our actors,
As I foretold you, were all ſpirits, and

Are

Are melted into air, into thin air;
And, like the baſeleſs fabric of a vision,
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The ſolemn temples, the great globe itſelf,
Yea, all, which it inherit, ſhall diſſolve;
And, like the baſeleſs fabric of a viſion,
Leave not a wreck behind.
Approach! be viſible, my long-lov'd Ariel.

Enter Ariel and Spirits.

I thank thy ſervice: now to the elements;
Be free, and fare thou well!—My work is done!
[*Breaks his Wand.*

Ariel. Ay, maſter:
Yet, when thou art gone, I and my fellows,
Mindful of thy goodneſs, will thank thee with
Our wonted ſong.

Quartetto and Chorus of Spirits.

Where the bee ſucks, there lurk I;
In a cowſlip's bell I lie:
There I crouch, when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After Sunſet, merrily,

Chorus.

Merrily, merrily, ſhall I live now.
Under the bloſſom that hangs on the bough.

THE END

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EPILOGUE,

Written by the Right Honourable Lieut.-General BURGOYNE;

And spoken by Miss FARREN.

STAY!—let the magic scene remain a while;
We have not done with the Enchanted Isle—
Embarrassments rush on your benignant smile.
Ladies, I come, by Prospero's command,
And vested with this fragment of his wand,
To help your feminines for that two-legg'd creature,
Which late Bermuda felt, the flower of nature.
With all her peeping toes above were found,
And even those were on forbidden ground;
Here, where we range at large, do they abound?
Arm'd with this pow'r we'll scrutinize the kind;
It is not form which makes the man, but mind.
Then even here perhaps the dearth prevails;—
We may lack men, though overrun with males.
First, for the middle class, which 'tis confess,
Of manly life we're apt to find the best.
Yet John sometimes his magic and sex degrades,
And stoops to rob his sisters of their trades.
Six feet in height, with sinews of an ox,
Shoulders to carry coals, and fists to box,—
Behold—O Shame!—a thing of whip and hem—
A *He*-Miss Milliner—"Your orders, Ma'm?—
"Rouge, lipsalve, chicken gloves, perfumery,
"Hair cushions, gauzes, *ruffles?*—Ha! he! ha!"—
Turn we from him to breed of higher bearing,
Still Falstaff's men, all radish and chuck-beering!—
Oh! could he sketch some figures that one sees—
Tied up with strings at shoes and strings at knees!—

So

EPILOGUE.

So click the neck-cloth, and the neck to join!
He'd fwear they bore a poultice for the chin;—
And left the cold the tenderer ears fhould burn,
See half a fhoe of cafed kidfkin form'd to turn;
While the ſtiff edge, for better purpoſe made,
Rubs off the whiſkers it was form'd to fhade.
With eyes of fire that vie with fnuffs in fockets,
And hands diſtreſs'd for want of wadded pockets,
The crutch of levity directs their gait:
And wangles bends beneath their waiſting weight.
But now to ſhift the ſcene from men to ſhow,
To one with Britain's genuine form endow'd;
In laws, in arms, their country's ſtrength and pride,
And chofen patterns for the world beſide;
High o'er the crowd, inform'd with patriot fire,
Pure as the virtues that endear his lire!
See one who leads—as mutual trials prove—
A band of brothers to a people's love:
One, who on ſtation ſcorns to found controul,
But gains pre-eminence by worth of ſoul.
Theſe are the honours that on reaſon's plan,
Adorn the Prince, and vindicate the man.
While gayer paſſions, warm'd at nature's breaſt,
Play o'er his youth—the feathers of his creſt.

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